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The Plays of Shakespeare.

TIMON OF ATHENS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A Critical Study

By GEORGE BRANDES

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THE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE

TIMON OF ATHENS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

GEORGE BRANDES

and a Plate representing WALLACK as 'Alcibiades.'



LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN

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INTRODUCTION

I.

Timon of Athens has come down to us in a pitiable condition. The text is in a terrible state, and there are, not only between one scene and another, but between one page and another, such radical differences in the style and general spirit of the play as to preclude the possibility of its having been the work of one man. The threads of the story are often entirely disconnected, and circumstances occur (or are referred to) for which we were in no way prepared. The best part of the versification is distinctly Shakespearian, and contains all that wealth of thought which was characteristic of this period of his life ; but the other parts are careless, discordant, and desperately monotonous. The prose dialogue especially jars, thrust as it is, with its long-winded, straining after effect, into scenes which are otherwise compact and vigorous.

All Shakespeare students of the present day concur in the opinion that *Timon of Athens*, like *Pericles*, is but a great fragment from the master-hand.

The *Life of Timon of Athens* was printed for the first time in the old folio edition of 1623. Careful examination shows us that the first pages of the play of *Timon* (which is inserted between *Romeo and Juliet* and *Julius Cæsar*) are numbered 80, 81, 82, 81, instead of 78, 79, 80, 81, and end at page 98. The names of the actors, for which in no other case is more than the necessary space allowed, here occupy the whole of page 99, and page 100 is left blank. *Julius Cæsar* begins upon the

next page, which is numbered 109. Fleay noticed that *Troilus and Cressida*, which, as we remarked, is unnumbered, would exactly fill the pages 78 to 108. By some error, which furnishes us with another hint, the second and third pages of this play are numbered 79 and 80. Obviously it was the publisher's original intention to include *Troilus and Cressida* among the tragedies. On its being subsequently observed that there was nothing really tragic about the play, they cast about, since *Julius Cæsar* was already printed, for another tragedy which would as nearly as possible fill the vacant space.

Shakespeare found the material for *Timon of Athens* in the course of his reading for *Antony and Cleopatra*. There is, in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, a brief sketch of Timon and his misanthropy, his relations with Alcibiades and the Cynic Apemantus, the anecdote of the fig-tree, and the two epitaphs. The subject evidently attracted Shakespeare by its harmony with his own distraught and excited frame of mind at the time. He was soon absorbed in it, and in some form or another he made acquaintance with Lucian's hitherto untranslated dialogue *Timon*, which contained many incidents giving fulness to the story, and from which he appropriated the discovery of the treasure, the consequent return of the parasitic friends, and Timon's scornful treatment of them.

Shakespeare probably found these details in some old play on the same subject. Dyce published, in 1842, an old drama on Timon which had been found in manuscript, and was judged by Steevens to date from 1600, or thereabouts. It seems to have been written for some academic circle, and in it we find the faithful steward and the farewell banquet with which the third act closes. In the older drama, instead of warm water,

Timon throws stones, painted to resemble artichokes, at his guests. Some trace of these stones may be found in these lines in Shakespeare's play—

'SECOND LORD. Lord Timon's mad.

THIRD LORD. I feel 't upon my bones.

FOURTH LORD. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.'

In the old play, when Timon finds the gold, and his faithless mistress and friends flock around him once more, he repulses them, crying—

'Why vex ye me, ye Furies? I protest,
and all the Gods to witness invoke,
I doe abhorre the titles of a friende,
of father, or companion. I curse
the aire ye breathe, I lothe to breathe that air.'

He naïvely intimates a change of mind in the epilogue—

'I now am left alone : this rascall route
hath left my side. What's this? I feele through out
a sodeine change : my fury doth abate,
my hearte grows milde and lays aside its hate' ;

and concludes with a still more ingenuous appeal for applause—

'Let loving hands, loude sounding in the ayre,
cause Timon to the citty to repaire.'

We have no proof that Shakespeare was acquainted with this particular work. He probably used some other contemporary play, belonging to the theatre, which had proved a failure in its original form, and which both his company and his own inclinations urged him to thoroughly recast. It was not so entirely rewritten, however, that we can look upon the play as

actually the work of Shakespeare—there are too many traces of another and a feebler hand; but the vital, lyrical, powerful pathos is his, and his alone.

There are two theories on this subject. Fleay, in his well-known and thorough investigation of the matter, endeavours to prove that the original scheme was Shakespeare's, but that some inferior hand amplified it for acting purposes. Fleay selected all the indubitably Shakespearian portions, and had them printed as a separate play, contending that it not only included all that was of any value (which will scarcely be disputed), but that, on the score of intelligibility, none of the rejected speeches were needed.¹ Swinburne, who scarcely ever agrees with Fleay, also shares the belief that Shakespeare used no ready-made groundwork for his play. His first opinion was that *Timon of Athens* was interrupted by Shakespeare's premature death; but later he inclined to the theory that, after working upon it for some time, the poet laid it aside as being little suited to dramatic treatment. Swinburne does not undervalue the work done by Shakespeare on that account, but remarks, on the contrary, that, had Juvenal been gifted with the inspiration of Æschylus, he might have written just such another tragedy as the fourth act of the drama.²

The theory that Shakespeare made use of a finished play which he only partially rewrote, leaving the rest in its clumsy imperfection, was originally propounded by the English critics Sympson and Knight. It was first attacked and afterwards eagerly supported by Delius, who gives the reasons for his change of opinion at great length.³ H. A. Evans, the commentator of the

¹ *New Shakespeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, pp. 130-194.

² Swinburne, *A Study of Shakespeare*, pp. 212-215.

³ *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespearegesellschaft*, iii. pp. 334-361.

Irving edition, also shares this latter view. There is no dispute between the two parties concerning the portions written by Shakespeare; the contention is simply this: Did Shakespeare remodel another man's play, or did another man complete his?

As Fleay's attempt to construct a connected and intelligible play from the Shakespearian fragments failed, because a great part of the weak and spurious matter is absolutely necessary to the coherence of the whole, it certainly seems more reasonable to accept Shakespeare as the reviser. Some of the English critics incline to the opinion that the inferior scenes were the work of the contemporary poets George Wilkins and John Day. To those who only know the work through translations, or to those who, like Gervinus and Kreyssig, the German critics, have not devoted sufficient attention to the language, the necessity of assuming a second writer may not be so obvious. It is not impossible, of course, that the feeble, prosy, and long-winded parts were written by Shakespeare, roughly sketched in such a fit of despondency and utter indifference to detail that he could not force himself to revise, re-write, and condense; but the possibility is an exceedingly remote one. We know how finely Shakespeare generally constructed his plays, even in the first rough draft.

II.

The drama, as it stands, presents the picture of a thoughtlessly and extravagantly open-handed nature, whose one unfailling pleasure is to give. King Lear only gave away his possessions once, and then in his old age and to his daughters; but Timon daily bestows money and jewels upon all and sundry. At the opening of the play he is, without appearing to be personally luxu-

rious, living in the midst of all the voluptuousness with which a Mæcenas, in the gayest of all the world's gay capitals, could surround himself. Artists and merchants flock round the generous patron who pays them more than they ask. A chorus of sycophants sing his praises day and night. It is but natural that, under those circumstances, a carelessly good-natured temperament should look upon society as a circle for the exchange of friendly services, which it is equally honourable to render or receive.

He pays no heed to the faithful steward who warns him that this life cannot last. He no more disturbs himself about the melting of his money from his coffers than if he were living in a communistic society with the general wealth at his disposal.

At last the tide of fortune turns. His coffers are empty; the steward is no longer able to find him money to fling away, and Timon must go a borrowing in his turn. Almost before the report of his ruin has had time to spread, bills come pouring in, and his impatient creditors, yesterday his comrades, send messengers for their money. All his requests for a loan are refused by his former friends—one on the ground of his own poverty, while another professes to be offended because he was not applied to in the first instance, and a third will not even lend a portion of the large sums Timon has but lately lavished upon him.

Timon has hitherto been one of fortune's favourites, but now the true nature of the world is suddenly revealed to him, as it was to Hamlet and King Lear. Like theirs, but far more harshly and bitterly, his former confiding simplicity is replaced by frantic pessimism. Wishing to show his false friends all the contempt he feels for them, Timon invites them to a final

banquet, and they, supposing that he has recovered his wealth, attend with excuses on their lips for their recent behaviour. The table is sumptuously spread, but the covered dishes contain only warm water, which Timon disdainfully flings in the faces of his guests.

He cuts himself adrift from all intercourse with mankind, and retreats to the woods to lead the solitary life of a Stoic. The half-jesting retirement of Jacques in *As You Like It*, and his dismissal of all who trouble his solitude, are here carried out in grim earnest.

It is not for long that he remains poor, for he has hardly begun to dig for the roots on which he lives than he finds treasure buried in the earth. Unlike Lucian's misanthrope, who rejoices in the possession of gold as a means of securing a life free from care, Shakespeare's Timon sickens at the sight of his wealth. Neither does he care for the honourable amends made by his countrymen. We learn it so late in the day that we can scarcely believe that Timon was formerly a skilful general, who had done good service to his country. This feature is taken from Lucian, and the character of the luxurious Mæcenas would have gained in interest and nobility if this trait had been impressed upon us earlier in the play. The senate, meanwhile, being threatened with war, offers Timon the sole command. He proudly rejects the overtures made by these misers and usurers in purple, and even remains unsoftened by the faithful devotion of his steward. He anathematises every one and all things, and returns to his cave to die by his own hand.

III.

We must now, with a view to defining the non-Shakespearian elements of the play, devote some atten-

tion to its dual authorship. In the first act it is particularly the prose dialogues between Apemantus and others which seem unworthy of Shakespeare. The repartee is laconic but laboured—not always witty, though invariably bitter and disdainful. The style somewhat resembles that of the colloquies between Diogenes and Alexander in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*. The first of Apemantus's conversations might have been written by Shakespeare—it seems to have some sort of continuity with the utterances of Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*—but the second has every appearance of being either an interpolation by a strange hand, or a scene which Shakespeare had forgotten to score out. Flavius's monologue (Act i. sc. 2) never came from Shakespeare's pen in this form. Its marked contrast to the rest shows that it might be the outcome of notes taken by some blundering shorthand writer among the audience.

The long conversation, in the second act, between Apemantus, the Fool, Caphis, and various servants, was, in all probability, written by an alien hand. It contains nothing but idle chatter devised to amuse the gallery, and it introduces characters who seem about to take some standing in the play, but who vanish immediately, leaving no trace. A Page comes with messages and letters from the mistress of a brothel, to which the Fool appears to belong, but we are told nothing of the contents of these letters, whose addresses the bearer is unable to read.

In the third act there is much that is feeble and irrelevant, together with an aimless unrest which incessantly pervades the stage. It is not until the banqueting scene towards the end of the act that Shakespeare makes his presence felt in the storm which bursts from Timon's lips. The powerful fourth act

displays Shakespeare at his best and strongest; there is very little here which could be attributed to alien sources. I cannot understand the decision with which English critics (including a poet like Tennyson) have condemned as spurious Flavius's monologue at the close of the second scene. Its drift is that of the speech in the following scene, in which he expresses the whole spirit of the play in one line: 'What viler things upon the earth than friends!' Although there is evidently some confusion in the third scene (for example, the intimation of the Poet's and Painter's appearance long before they really arrive), I cannot agree with Fleay that Shakespeare had no share in the passage contained between the lines, 'Where liest o' nights, Timon?' and 'Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.'

One speech in particular betrays the master-hand. It is that in which Timon expresses the wish that Apemantus's desire to become a beast among beasts may be fulfilled:—

'If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner.'

There is as much knowledge of life here as in a concentrated essence of all Lafontaine's fables.

The last scenes of the fifth act were evidently never revised by Shakespeare. It is a comical incongruity that makes the soldier who, we are expressly told, is unable to read, capable of distinguishing Timon's tomb, and even of having the forethought to take a wax impression of the words. There is also an amalgama-

tion of the two contradictory inscriptions, of which the first tells us that the dead man wishes to remain nameless and unknown, while the last two lines begin with the declaration, 'Here lie I, Timon.' Notwithstanding the shocking condition of the text, the repeatedly occurring confusion of the action, and the evident marks of an alien hand, Shakespeare's leading idea and dominant purpose is never for a moment obscured. Much in *Timon* reminds us of *King Lear*, the injudiciously distributed benefits and the ingratitude of their recipients are the same, but in the former the bitterness and virulence are tenfold greater, and the genius incontestably less. Lear is supported in his misfortunes by the brave and manly Kent, the faithful Fool, that truest of all true hearts, Cordelia, her husband, the valiant King of France. There is but one who remains faithful to Timon, a servant, which in those days meant a slave, whose self-sacrificing devotion forces his master, sorely against his will, to except one man from his universal vituperation. In his own class he does not meet with a single honestly devoted heart, either man's or woman's; he has no daughter, as Lear; no mother, as Coriolanus; no friend, not one.

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *of Athens.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *flattering lords.*
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false friends.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian captain.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher.*

FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon.*

POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, and MERCHANT.

An old ATHENIAN.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, } *servants to Timon.*
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS, } *servants to Timon's creditors.*
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIUS, }

And others,

A PAGE. A FOOL. Three STRANGERS.

PHRYNIA, } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*
TIMANDRA, }

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti,
and Attendants.*

Scene—Athens and the neighbouring woods.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Athens. A hall in TIMON'S house.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

POET. Good day, sir.

PAIN. I am glad you're well.

POET. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

PAIN. It wears, sir, as it grows.

POET. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

PAIN. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

MER. O, 'tis a worthy lord.

JEW. Nay, that's most fix'd.

MER. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it
were,

To an untirable and continue goodnes:

He passes.

JEW. I have a jewel here—

MER. O, pray, let's see 't: for the Lord Timon,
sir?

JEW. If he will touch the estimate: but, for
that—

POET. [Reciting to himself] *When we for recom-
pense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

MER. 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking at the jewel.*]

JEW. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

PAIN. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some
dedication

To the great lord.

POET. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

PAIN. A picture, sir. When comes your book
forth?

POET. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

PAIN. 'Tis a good piece.

POET. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

PAIN. Indifferent.

POET. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination
Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

PAIN. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch ; is't good ?

POET. I will say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

PAIN. How this lord is follow'd !

POET. The senators of Athens : happy man !

PAIN. Look, more !

POET. You see this confluence, this great flood
of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and
hug

With amplest entertainment : my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax : no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

PAIN. How shall I understand you ?

POET. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon : his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging

Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced
 flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
 The knee before him and returns in peace
 Most rich in Timon's nod.

PAIN. I saw them speak together.

POET. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
 Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the
 mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states: amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
 One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.

PAIN. 'Tis conceived to scope.
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 In our condition.

POET. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
 All those which were his fellows but of late,
 Some better than his value, on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,

Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

PAIN. Ay, marry, what of these ?

POET. When Fortune in her shift and change of
mood

Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

PAIN. 'Tis common :

A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of
Fortune's

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor ; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him ; LUCILIUS and other servants following.

TIM. Imprison'd is he, say you ?

MESS. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up ; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

TIM. Noble Ventidius ! Well ;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help :

Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

MESS. Your lordship ever binds him.

TIM. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;

And being enfranchised, bid him come to me.

Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

MESS. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

OLD ATH. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

TIM. Freely, good father.

OLD ATH. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

TIM. I have so; what of him?

OLD ATH. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIM. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

LUC. Here, at your lordship's service.

OLD ATH. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

TIM. Well; what further?

OLD ATH. One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost

In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

TIM. The man is honest.

OLD ATH. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

TIM. Does she love him?

OLD ATH. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

TIM. [To LUCILIUS] Love you the maid?

LUC. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

OLD ATH. If in her marriage my consent be
missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

TIM. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

OLD ATH. Three talents on the present; in
future, all.

TIM. This gentleman of mine hath served me
long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

OLD ATH. Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

TIM. My hand to thee; mine honour on my
promise.

LUC. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian.*]

POET. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

TIM. I thank you; you shall hear from me
anon:

Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

PAIN. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

TIM. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

PAIN. The gods preserve ye!

TIM. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your
hand;

We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

JEW. What, my lord! dispraise?

TIM. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

JEW. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well
know,

Things of like value differing in the owners
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

TIM. Well mock'd.

MER. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

TIM. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

JEW. We 'll bear, with your lordship.

MER. He 'll spare none.

TIM. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

APEM. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good
morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

TIM. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
know'st them not.

APEM. Are they not Athenians?

TIM. Yes.

APEM. Then I repent not.

JEW. You know me, Apemantus?

APEM. Thou know'st I do: I call'd thee by thy
name.

TIM. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

APEM. Of nothing so much as that I am not
like Timon.

TIM. Whither art going?

APEM. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

TIM. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

APEM. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIM. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEM. The best, for the innocence.

TIM. Wrought he not well that painted it?

APEM. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

PAIN. You're a dog.

APEM. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

TIM. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

APEM. No; I eat not lords.

TIM. An thou shouldst, thou'ldst anger ladies.

APEM. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

TIM. That's a lascivious apprehension.

APEM. So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.

TIM. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

APEM. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

TIM. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

APEM. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

POET. How now, philosopher!

APEM. Thou liest.

POET. Art not one?

APEM. Yes.

POET. Then I lie not.

APEM. Art not a poet ?

POET. Yes.

APEM. Then thou liest : look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

POET. That's not feigned ; he is so.

APEM. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour : he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord !

TIM. What wouldst do then, Apemantus ?

APEM. E'en as Apemantus does now ; hate a lord with my heart.

TIM. What, thyself ?

APEM. Ay.

TIM. Wherefore ?

APEM. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not thou a merchant ?

MER. Ay, Apemantus.

APEM. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not !

MER. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

APEM. Traffic's thy god ; and thy god confound thee !

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

TIM. What trumpet's that ?

MESS. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.

TIM. Pray, entertain them ; give them guide to us. *[Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me : go not you hence

Till I have thank'd you : when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

APEM. So, so, there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these
sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

ALCIB. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I
feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

TIM. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all except APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

FIRST LORD. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

APEM. Time to be honest.

FIRST LORD. That time serves still.

APEM. The more accursed thou, that still
omitt'st it.

SEC. LORD. Thou art going to Lord Timon's
feast?

APEM. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat
fools.

SEC. LORD. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEM. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

SEC. LORD. Why, Apemantus?

APEM. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

FIRST LORD. Hang thyself!

APEM. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding : make thy requests to thy friend.

SEC. LORD. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!

APEM. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [Exit.

FIRST LORD. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

SEC. LORD. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

FIRST LORD. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

SEC. LORD. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

FIRST LORD. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A banqueting-room in TIMON's house.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

VEN. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's
age,

And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich :

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

TIM. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius ; you mistake my love :

I gave it freely ever ; and there's none

Can truly say he gives, if he receives :

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them ; faults that are rich are fair.

VEN. A noble spirit !

TIM.

Nay, my lords,

*[They all stand ceremoniously looking
on TIMON.]*

Ceremony was but devised at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;

But where there is true friendship, there needs
none.

Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

FIRST LORD. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

APEM. Ho, ho, confess'd it ! hang'd it, have you
not ?

TIM. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

APEM. No ;

You shall not make me welcome :

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIM. Fie, thou'rt a churl ; ye've got a humour
there

Does not become a man ; 'tis much to blame.

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est* ; but yond
man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by
himself, for he does neither affect company, nor is
he fit for't, indeed.

APEM. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon : I
come to observe ; I give thee warning on't.

TIM. I take no heed of thee ; thou'rt an Athenian,
therefore welcome : I myself would have no power ;
prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

APEM. I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choke me, for
I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a
number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not !
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in
one man's blood ; and all the madness is, he cheers
them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men :

Methinks they should invite them without knives ;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't ; the fellow that sits
next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the
breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest
man to kill him : 't has been proved. If I were a
huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous
notes :

Great men should drink with harness on their
throats.

TIM. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go
round.

SEC. LORD. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APEM. Flow this way ! A brave fellow ! he
keeps his tides well. Those healths will make
thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that
which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water,
which ne'er left man i' the mire :

This and my food are equals ; there's no odds :
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man but myself :
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping ;
Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.*

Amen. So fall to't :

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

TIM. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

ALCIB. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

TIM. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

ALCIB. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em : I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

APEM. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em !

FIRST LORD. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

TIM. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : how had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble

sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

APEM. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

SEC. LORD. Joy had the like conception in our And at that instant like a babe sprung up. [eyes

APEM. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

THIRD LORD. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

APEM. Much!

[Tucket, within.

TIM. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now?

SERV. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

TIM. Ladies! what are their wills?

SERV. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

TIM. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

CUP. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all

That of his bounties taste ! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron ; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom : th' ear,
Taste, touch and smell, pleased from thy table
rise ;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

TIM. They're welcome all ; let 'em have kind
admittance :

Music, make their welcome ! [Exit CUPID.

FIRST LORD. You see, my lord, how ample you're
beloved.

*Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a mask of Ladies
as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing
and playing.*

APEM. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes
this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not depraved or depraves ?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift ?

I should fear those that dance before me now

Would one day stamp upon me : 't has been
done ;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

TIM. You have done our pleasures much grace,
fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for 't.

FIRST LADY. My lord, you take us even at the best.

APEM. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would
not hold taking, I doubt me.

TIM. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.

ALL LADIES. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.]

TIM. Flavius.

FLAV. My lord?

TIM. The little casket bring me hither.

FLAV. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet! *[Aside.]*
There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit.]

FIRST LORD. Where be our men?

SERV. Here, my lord, in readiness.

SEC. LORD. Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.

TIM. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good
lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

FIRST LORD. I am so far already in your gifts,—

ALL. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord, there are certain nobles of the
senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

TIM. They are fairly welcome.

FLAV. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

TIM. Near! why then, another time I'll hear thee:
I prithee, let's be provided to show them enter-
tainment.

FLAV. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second Servant.

SEC. SERV. May it please your honour, Lord
Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

TIM. I shall accept them fairly; let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

THIRD SERV. Please you, my lord, that honour-
able gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your com-

pany to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

TIM. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received,

Not without fair reward.

FLAV. [Aside] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffer: Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good: His promises fly so beyond his state That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes For every word: he is so kind that he now Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books. Well, would I were gently put out of office Before I were forced out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

TIM. You do yourselves Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

SEC. LORD. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

THIRD LORD. O, he's the very soul of bounty!

TIM. And now I remember, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it.

SEC. LORD. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

TIM. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man

Can justly praise but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

ALL LORDS. O, none so welcome.

TIM. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

ALCIB. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

FIRST LORD. We are so virtuously bound—

TIM. And so
Am I to you.

SEC. LORD. So infinitely endear'd—

TIM. All to you. Lights, more lights!

FIRST LORD. The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

TIM. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS and TIMON.]

APEM. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound
legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

TIM. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

APEM. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee,
and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest
so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away
thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts,
pomps and vain-glories?

TIM. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell;
and come with better music. [Exit.

APEM. So:
Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then:
I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Senator's house.

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.

SEN. And late, five thousand: to Varro and to
Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

CAPH. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

SEN. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord
Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slight denial, nor then silenced when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger;
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

CAPH. I go, sir.

SEN. *I go, sir!*—Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

CAPH. I will, sir.

SEN. Go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A hall in TIMON'S house.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

FLAVIUS. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from
 hunting.

Fie, fie, fie, fie!

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE
and VARRO.*

CAPH. Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money?

VAR. SERV. Is't not your business too?

CAPH. It is: and yours too, Isidore?

ISID. SERV. It is so.

CAPH. Would we were all discharged!

VAR. SERV. I fear it.

CAPH. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, etc.

TIM. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth
again,

My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?

CAPH. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

TIM. Dues! Whence are you?

CAPH. Of Athens here, my lord.

TIM. Go to my steward.

CAPH. Please it your lordship, he hath put me
off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awaked by great occasion

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you

That with your other noble parts you'll suit

In giving him his right.

TIM. Mine honest friend,

I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

CAPH. Nay, good my lord,—

TIM. Contain thyself, good friend.

VAR. SERV. One Varro's servant, my good
lord,—

ISID. SERV. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

CAPH. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants—

VAR. SERV. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord,
six weeks

And past.

ISID. SERV. Your steward puts me off, my lord:

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

TIM. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and Lords.

[*To* FLAV.] Come hither: pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

FLAV. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

TIM. Do so, my friends. See them well enter-
tain'd. [*Exit.*

FLAV. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

CAPH. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with
Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

VAR. SERV. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

ISID. SERV. A plague upon him, dog!

VAR. SERV. How dost, fool?

APEM. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

VAR. SERV. I speak not to thee.

APEM. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come
away.

ISID. SERV. There's the fool hangs on your back
already.

APEM. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

CAPH. Where's the fool now?

APEM. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

ALL SERV. What are we, Apemantus?

APEM. Asses.

ALL SERV. Why?

APEM. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

FOOL. How do you, gentlemen?

ALL SERV. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

FOOL. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

APEM. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

FOOL. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

PAGE. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

APEM. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

PAGE. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which

APEM. Canst not read?

PAGE. No.

APEM. There will little learning die then, that

day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

PAGE. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.

[Exit.

APEM. E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

FOOL. Will you leave me there?

APEM. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

ALL SERV. Ay; would they served us!

APEM. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

FOOL. Are you three usurers' men?

ALL SERV. Ay, fool.

FOOL. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

VAR. SERV. I could render one.

APEM. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

VAR. SERV. What is a whore-master, fool?

FOOL. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a

philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

VAR. SERV. Thou art not altogether a fool.

FOOL. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

APEM. That answer might have become Apemantus.

ALL SERV. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

APEM. Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL. I do not always follow lover, elder brother and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.

FLAV. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. *[Exeunt Servants.*

TIM. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

FLAV. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

TIM. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

FLAV. O my good lord,

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, too late—yet now's a time—
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

TIM. Let all my land be sold.

FLAV. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

TIM. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

FLAV. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

TIM. You tell me true.

FLAV. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room

Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

TIM. Prithee, no more.

FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this
lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is
Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this
praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

TIM. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart:
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

FLAV. Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIM. And, in some sort, these wants of mine
are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these

Shall I try friends : you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my
friends.

Within there ! Flaminius ! Servilius !

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other
Servants.*

SERVANTS. My lord ? my lord ?

TIM. I will dispatch you severally ; you to Lord
Lucius ; to Lord Lucullus you : I hunted with his
honour to-day : you, to Sempronius : commend me
to their loves, and, I am proud, say, that my occa-
sions have found time to use 'em toward a supply
of money : let the request be fifty talents.

FLAM. As you have said, my lord.

FLAV. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus ?
hum !

TIM. Go you, sir, to the senators—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the
instant

A thousand talents to me.

FLAV. I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your signet and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

TIM. Is't true ? can't be ?

FLAV. They answer, in a joint and corporate
voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot

Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis
pity;—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

TIM. You gods, reward them!

Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

[*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To FLAV.*] Prithee,
be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee. [*To SER.*] Ventidius
lately

Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents [*Exit SER.*]. [*To FLAV.*]
That had, give't these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

FLAV. I would I could not think it: that thought
is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A room in LUCULLUS' house.

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* *Enter a Servant to him.*

SERV. I have told my lord of you; he is coming
down to you.

FLAM. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

SERV. Here's my lord.

LUCUL. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift,
I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a
silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest
Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir.
Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does
that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman
of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

FLAM. His health is well, sir.

LUCUL. I am right glad that his health is well,
sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak,
pretty Flaminius?

FLAM. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir;
which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your

honour to supply ; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

LUCUL. La, la, la, la ! *nothing doubting*, says he ? Alas, good lord ! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his : I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

SERV. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

LUCUL. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

FLAM. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

LUCUL. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason ; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well : good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah [*Exit Serv.*]. Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman : but thou art wise ; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee : good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

FLAM. Is 't possible the world should so much
differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing the money back.*

LUCUL. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit
for thy master. [Exit.

FLAM. May these add to the number that may
scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! this slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of
nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II.

A public place.

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

LUC. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good
friend, and an honourable gentleman,

FIRST STRAN. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUC. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

SEC. STRAN. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

LUC. How!

SEC. STRAN. I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUC. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

SER. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*

LUC. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

SER. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

LUC. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

SER. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

LUC. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

SER. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

LUC. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SER. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

LUC. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do, —the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such

an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

SER. Yes, sir, I shall.

LUC. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit.*]

FIRST STRAN. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

SEC. STRAN. Ay, too well.

FIRST STRAN. Why, this is the world's soul; and
just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

THIRD STRAN. Religion groans at it.

FIRST STRAN. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue
And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart : but, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;
 For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in SEMPRONIUS' house.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.

SEM. Must he needs trouble me in't,—hum!—
 'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus ;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison : all these
 Owe their estates unto him.

SERV. My lord,
 They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
 They have all denied him.

SEM. How ! have they denied him ?
 Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?
 And does he send to me ? Three ? hum !
 It shows but little love or judgement in him :
 Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like
 physicians,
 Thrive, give him over : must I take the cure
 upon me ?
 Has much disgraced me in't ; I'm angry at him,
 That might have known my place : I see no sense
 for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

SERV. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire:
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A hall in TIMON'S house.

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants of TIMON'S creditors, waiting his coming out.

FIRST VAR. SERV. Well met; good morrow,
Titus and Hortensius.

TIT. The like to you, kind Varro.

HOR. Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

LUC. SERV. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

TIT. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

LUC. SERV. And Sir Philotus too!

PHI. Good day at once.

LUC. SERV. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

PHI. Labouring for nine.

LUC. SERV. So much?

PHI. Is not my lord seen yet?

LUC. SERV. Not yet.

PHI. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at
seven.

LUC. SERV. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter
with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course

Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

PHI. I am of your fear for that.

TIT. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

HOR. Most true, he does.

TIT. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

HOR. It is against my heart.

LUC. SERV. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

HOR. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can
witness:

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

FIRST VAR. SERV. Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns: what's yours?

LUC. SERV. Five thousand mine.

FIRST VAR. SERV. 'Tis much deep: and it should
seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

TIT. One of Lord Timon's men.

LUC. SERV. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my
lord ready to come forth?

FLAM. No, indeed, he is not.

TIT. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

FLAM. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [Exit.

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

LUC. SERV. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

TIT. Do you hear, sir?

SEC. VAR. SERV. By your leave, sir,—

FLAV. What do ye ask of me, my friend?

TIT. We wait for certain money here, sir.

FLAV.

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts
And take down the interest into their gluttonous
maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

LUC. SERV. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAV. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [Exit.

FIRST VAR. SERV. How! what does his cashiered
worship mutter?

SEC. VAR. SERV. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

TIT. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

SER. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

LUC. SERV. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

SER. Good gods!

TIT. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

FLAM. [*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

TIM. What, are my doors opposed against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

LUC. SERV. Put in now, Titus

TIT. My lord, here is my bill.

LUC. SERV. Here 's mine.

HOR. And mine, my lord.

BOTH VAR. SERV. And ours, my lord.

PHI. All our bills.

TIM. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to
the girdle.

LUC. SERV. Alas, my lord,—

TIM. Cut my heart in sums.

TIT. Mine, fifty talents.

TIM. Tell out my blood.

LUC. SERV. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIM. Five thousand drops pays that. What
yours?—and yours?

FIRST VAR. SERV. My lord,—

SEC. VAR. SERV. My lord,—

TIM. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon
you! [Exit.

HOR. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw
their caps at their money: these debts may well
be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[Excunt.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

TIM. They have e'en put my breath from me,
the slaves.

Creditors? devils!

FLAV. My dear lord,—

TIM. What if it should be so?

FLAV. My lord,—

TIM. I'll have it so. My steward!

FLAV. Here, my lord.

TIM. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius :
All, sirrah, all :
I'll once more feast the rascals.

FLAV. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul ;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

TIM. Be't not in thy care ; go,
I charge thee, invite them all ; let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

FIRST SEN. My lord, you have my voice to it ;
the fault's
Bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die :
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

SEC. SEN. Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with Attendants.

ALCIB. Honour, health, and compassion to the
senate !

FIRST SEN. Now, captain ?

ALCIB. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues :
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe :
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

FIRST SEN. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born :
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his
 wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment,
 carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!
ALCIB. My lord,—

FIRST SEN. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

ALCIB. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

SEC. SEN. You breathe in vain.

ALCIB. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

FIRST SEN. What's that?

ALCIB. I say, my lords, he has done fair service
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

SEC. SEN. He has made too much plenty with 'em; He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner: If there were no foes, that were enough To overcome him: in that beastly fury He has been known to commit outrages, And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us, His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

FIRST SEN. He dies.

ALCIB. Hard fate! he might have died in war. My lords, if not for any parts in him— Though his right arm might purchase his own time And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you, Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both: And, for I know your reverend ages love Security, I'll pawn my victories, all My honours to you, upon his good returns. If by this crime he owes the law his life, Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore; For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

FIRST SEN. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

ALCIB. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

SEC. SEN. How!

ALCIB. Call me to your remembrances.

THIRD SEN.

What!

ALCIB. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;

It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace :
My wounds ache at you.

FIRST SEN. Do you dare our anger ?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

ALCIB. Banish me !
Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

FIRST SEN. If, after two days' shine, Athens
contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to
swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

ALCIB. Now the gods keep you old enough ;
that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this ?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ? Banishment !
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds ;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. A banqueting-room in TIMON'S house.

Music. Tables set out : Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.

FIRST LORD. The good time of day to you, sir.

SEC. LORD. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

FIRST LORD. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered : I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

SEC. LORD. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

FIRST LORD. I should think so : he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off ; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

SEC. LORD. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

FIRST LORD. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

SEC. LORD. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you ?

FIRST LORD. A thousand pieces.

SEC. LORD. A thousand pieces !

FIRST LORD. What of you ?

SEC. LORD. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

TIM. With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

FIRST LORD. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

SEC. LORD. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

TIM. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

FIRST LORD. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

TIM. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

SEC. LORD. My noble lord,—

TIM. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

SEC. LORD. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

TIM. Think not on't, sir.

SEC. LORD. If you had sent but two hours before,—

TIM. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

[*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

SEC. LORD. All covered dishes!

FIRST LORD. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

THIRD LORD. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

FIRST LORD. How do you? What's the news?

THIRD LORD. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

FIRST AND SEC. LORD. Alcibiades banished!

THIRD LORD. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

FIRST LORD. How! how!

SEC. LORD. I pray you, upon what?

TIM. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

THIRD LORD. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

SEC. LORD. This is the old man still.

THIRD LORD. Will't hold? will't hold?

SEC. LORD. It does: but time will—and so—

THIRD LORD. I do conceive.

TIM. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, make

suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.

SOME SPEAK. What does his lordship mean?

SOME OTHER. I know not.

TIM. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.

[Throwing the water in their faces.

Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou;—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! *[Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, etc.

FIRST LORD. How now, my lords!

SEC. LORD. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

THIRD LORD. Push! did you see my cap?

FOURTH LORD. I have lost my gown.

FIRST LORD. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: did you see my jewel?

THIRD LORD. Did you see my cap?

SEC. LORD. Here 'tis.

FOURTH LORD. Here lies my gown.

FIRST LORD. Let's make no stay.

SEC. LORD. Lord Timon's mad.

THIRD LORD. I feel't upon my bones.

FOURTH LORD. One day he gives us diamonds,
next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

TIM. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,

And minister in their steads . to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do 't in your parents' eyes ! bankrupts, hold fast ;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats ! bound servants,
steal !

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed ;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel ! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains ! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live ! Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners ! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms ; and their crop
Be general leprosy ! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town !
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans !

Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
 The Athenians both within and out that wall !
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low !
 Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Athens. A room in TIMON'S house.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

FIRST SERV. Hear you, master steward, where's
 our master ?

Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?

FLAV. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to
 you ?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

FIRST SERV. Such a house broke !
 So noble a master fall'n ! All gone ! and not
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him !

SEC. SERV. As we do turn our backs
 From our companion thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes
 Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd ; and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

FLAV. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

THIRD SERV. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's
livery ;

That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow : leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat : we must all part
Into this sea of air.

FLAV. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some ;
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who would be so mock'd with glory ? or to live
But in a dream of friendship ?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again ?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men. *v*

My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,
 Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.

Enter TIMON, from the cave

TIM. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
 dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
 So are they all; for every guise of fortune

Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool : all is oblique ;
There 's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :
Destruction fang mankind ! Earth, yield me roots!
[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison ! What is here ?
Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist : roots, you clear heavens !
Thus much of this will make black white, foul
fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods ! why this ? what this, you gods ?
Why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench : this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a
drum? Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike
manner*; PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

ALCIB. What art thou there? speak.

TIM. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw
thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

ALCIB. What is thy name? Is man so hateful
to thee

That art thyself a man?

TIM. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

ALCIB. I know thee well;

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

TIM. I know thee too; and more than that I
know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

PHRY. Thy lips rot off!

TIM. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

ALCIB. How came the noble Timon to this change?

TIM. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

ALCIB. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

TIM. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

ALCIB. What is it, Timon?

TIM. Promise me friendship, but perform none:
if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound
thee, for thou art a man!

ALCIB. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

TIM. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

ALCIB. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

TIM. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

TIMAN. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
world

Voiced so regardfully?

TIM. Art thou Timandra?

TIMAN. Yes.

TIM. Be a whore still: they love thee not that
use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked
youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

TIMAN. Hang thee, monster!

ALCIB. Pardon him, sweet Timandra ; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band : I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

TIM. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

ALCIB. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

TIM. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost
trouble ?

I had rather be alone.

ALCIB. Why, fare thee well :

Here is some gold for thee.

TIM. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

ALCIB. When I have laid proud Athens on a
heap,—

TIM. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens ?

ALCIB. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIM. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd !

ALCIB. Why me, Timon ?

TIM. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold : go on,—here 's gold,—go on ;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vice'd city hang his poison
In the sick air : let not thy sword skip one :
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard ;

He is an usurer : strike me the counterfeit matron ;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd : let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors : spare not the
 babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
 mercy ;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse : swear against objects ;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes ;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :
Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

ALCIB. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold
 thou givest me,
Not all thy counsel.

TIM. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
 upon thee !

PHR. AND TIMAN. Give us some gold, good Timon :
 hast thou more ?

TIM. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant : you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear

Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six
months,

Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burthens of the dead;—some that were
hang'd,

No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore
still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

PHR. AND TIMAN. Well, more gold: what then?
Believe 't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

TIM. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;

That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection. There's more gold:
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all!

PHR. AND TIMAN. More counsel with more
 money, bounteous Timon.

TIM. More whore, more mischief first; I have
 given you earnest.

ALCIB. Strike up the drum towards Athens!
 Farewell, Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

TIM. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

ALCIB. I never did thee harm.

TIM. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

ALCIB. Call'st thou that harm?

TIM. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
 Thy beagles with thee.

ALCIB. We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES,
 PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

TIM. That nature, being sick of man's unkind-
 ness,
 Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
 Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
 Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
 The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!—
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!

APEM. I was directed hither: men report
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

TIM. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
 Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

APEM. This is in thee a nature but infected;
 A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
 This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,

Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent : thou wast told thus ;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bid welcome
To knaves and all approachers : 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

TIM. Were I like thee, I 'ld throw away myself.

APEM. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself ;

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip wherethou point'st out ? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhousted trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature ; bid them flatter thee ;
O, thou shalt find—

TIM. A fool of thee : depart.

APEM. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

TIM. I hate thee worse.

APEM. Why ?

TIM. Thou flatter'st misery.

APEM. I flatter not ; but say thou art a caitiff.

TIM. Why dost thou seek me out ?

APEM. To vex thee.

TIM. Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't ?

APEM.

Ay.

TIM.

What ! a knave too ?

APEM. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou
Dost it enforcedly : thou 'ldst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :
The one is filling still, never complete ;
The other, at high wish : best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

TIM. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thy-
self

In general riot ; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows : I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden :
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou
hate men ?

They never flatter'd thee : what hast thou given ?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone !
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

APEM. Art thou proud yet ?

TIM. Ay, that I am not thee.

APEM. I, that I was

No prodigal.

TIM. I, that I am one now :

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I 'ld give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this !
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

APEM. Here ; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him a root.*]

TIM. First mend my company, take away thyself.

APEM. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack
of thine.

TIM. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;
If not, I would it were.

APEM. What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

TIM. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

APEM. Here is no use for gold.

TIM. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

APEM. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

TIM. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

APEM. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

TIM. Would poison were obedient and knew my
mind!

APEM. Where wouldst thou send it?

TIM. To sauce thy dishes.

APEM. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when
thou wast in thy guilt and thy perfume, they mocked
thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou
knowest none, but art despised for the contrary.
There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

TIM. On what I hate I feed not.

APEM. Dost hate a medlar?

TIM. Ay, though it look like thee.

APEM. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner,
thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.
What man didst thou ever know unthrift that
was beloved after his means?

TIM. Who, without those means thou talkest of,
didst thou ever know beloved?

APEM. Myself.

TIM. I understand thee; thou hadst some means
to keep a dog.

APEM. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

TIM. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

APEM. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

TIM. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

APEM. Ay, Timon.

TIM. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

APEM. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

TIM. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

APEM. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

TIM. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

APEM. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

TIM. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

APEM. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

TIM. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

APEM. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

TIM. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

APEM. I would my tongue could rot them off!

TIM. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive;

I swound to see thee.

APEM. Would thou wouldst burst!

TIM. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

APEM. Beast!

TIM. Slave!

APEM.

Toad!

TIM.

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the more necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear
divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate
wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

APEM.

Would 'twere so!

But not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

TIM.

Throng'd to!

APEM.

Ay.

TIM. Thy back, I prithee.

APEM.

Live, and love thy misery.

TIM. Long live so, and so die. [*Exit APEMANTUS.*]
I am quit.

Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor them.
Enter Banditti.

FIRST BAN. Where should he have this gold?
It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his
remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-
from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

SEC. BAN. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

THIRD BAN. Let us make the assay upon him:
if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if
he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

SEC. BAN. True; for he bears it not about him,
'tis hid.

FIRST BAN. Is not this he?

BANDITTI. Where?

SEC. BAN. 'Tis his description.

THIRD BAN. He; I know him.

BANDITTI. Save thee, Timon.

TIM. Now, thieves?

BANDITTI. Soldiers, not thieves.

TIM. Both too; and women's sons.

BANDITTI. We are not thieves, but men that
much do want.

TIM. Your greatest want is, you want much of
meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

FIRST BAN. We cannot live on grass, on berries,
water,

As beasts and birds and fishes.

TIM. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,
and fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging : trust not the physician ;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob : take wealth and lives together ;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery :
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea ; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement : each thing's a thief :
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves : away,
Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats :
All that you meet are thieves : to Athens go,
Break open shops ; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it : steal no less for this

I give you ; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen.

THIRD BAN. Has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

FIRST BAN. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

SEC. BAN. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

FIRST BAN. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt* Banditti.

Enter FLAVIUS.

FLAV. O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

TIM. Away! what art thou?

FLAV. Have you forgot me, sir?

TIM. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

FLAV. An honest poor servant of yours.

TIM. Then I know thee not :

I never had honest man about me, I ; all I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

FLAV. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

TIM. What, dost thou weep? Come nearer.

Then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping :
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping !

FLAV. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

TIM. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one ;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind !
And thou redeem'st thyself : but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise ;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal
 gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

FLAV. No, my most worthy master ; in whose
 breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late :
You should have fear'd false times when you did
 feast :

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living ; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

TIM. Look thee, 'tis so ! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take : the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy ;
But thus condition'd : thou shalt build from men ;
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar ; give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing ; be men like blasted
woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so farewell and thrive.

FLAV. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

TIM. If thou hatest curses,
Stay not ; fly, whilst thou art blest and free :
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[Exit FLAVIUS. TIMON retires to his cave.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The woods. Before TIMON'S cave.

*Enter Poet and Painter ; TIMON watching them
from his cave.*

PAIN. As I took note of the place, it cannot be
far where he abides.

POET. What's to be thought of him ? does the
rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold ?

PAIN. Certain : Alcibiades reports it ; Phrynia
and Timandra had gold of him : he likewise enriched
poor straggling soldiers with great quantity : 'tis
said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

POET. Then this breaking of his has been but
a try for his friends,

PAIN. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

POET. What have you now to present unto him?

PAIN. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

POET. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

PAIN. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

[TIMON comes from his cave, behind.]

TIM. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

POET. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

TIM. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

POET. Nay, let's seek him :
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

PAIN. True ;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

TIM. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What
a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed !
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the
foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave :
To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey !
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*]

POET. Hail, worthy Timon !

PAIN. Our late noble master !

TIM. Have I once lived to see two honest men ?

POET. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough :
What ! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being ! I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

TIM. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:

You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

PAIN. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

TIM. Ay, you are honest men.

PAIN. We are hither come to offer you our service.

TIM. Most honest men! Why, how shall I
requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

BOTH. What we can do, we'll do, to do you
service.

TIM. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I
have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest
men.

PAIN. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

TIM. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a
counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

PAIN. So, so, my lord.

TIM. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

BOTH Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

TIM. You 'll take it ill.

BOTH. Most thankfully, my lord.

TIM. Will you, indeed?

BOTH. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIM. There 's never a one of you but trusts a
knave,

That mightily deceives you.

BOTH. Do we, my lord?

TIM. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-
semble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom : yet remain assured

That he 's a made-up villain.

PAIN. I know none such, my lord.

POET. Nor I.

TIM. Look you, I love you well ; I 'll give you
gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies :

Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I 'll give you gold enough.

BOTH. Name them, my lord, let 's know them.

TIM. You that way and you this, but two in
company ;

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art two villains shall not be,

Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon.

Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye
slaves:

[To Painter] You have work'd for me; there's
payment for you: hence!

[To Poet] You are an alchemist; make gold of
that.

Out, rascal dogs! [*Beats them out, and then retires
to his cave.*]

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

FLAV. It is in vain that you would speak with
Timon;

For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

FIRST SEN. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

SEC. SEN. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to
him,
And chance it as it may.

FLAV. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

TIM. You witch me in it ;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears :
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

FIRST SEN. Therefore, so please thee to return
with us
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name
Live with authority : so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

SEC. SEN. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

FIRST SEN. Therefore, Timon,—
TIM. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir ; thus :
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take't at worst ; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer : for myself,

There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

FLAV. Stay not, all's in vain.

TIM. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

FIRST SEN. We speak in vain.

TIM. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

FIRST SEN. That's well spoke.

TIM. Commend me to my loving countrymen —

FIRST SEN. These words become your lip as
they pass thorough them.

SEC. SEN. And enter in our ears like great
triumphers
In their applauding gates.

TIM. Commend me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

FIRST SEN. I like this well; he will return again.

TIM. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

FLAV. Trouble him no further; thus you still
shall find him.

TIM. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[Retires to his cave.]

FIRST SEN. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

SEC. SEN. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

FIRST SEN. It requires swift foot. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

FIRST SEN. Thou hast painfully discover'd : are
his files

As full as thy report ?

MESS. I have spoke the least :
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

SEC. SEN. We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon.

MESS. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends : this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

FIRST SEN. Here come our brothers.

Enter the Senators from TIMON.

THIRD SEN. No talk of Timon, nothing of him
expect.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust : in, and prepare :
Ours is the fall, I fear ; our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The woods. TIMON'S cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

SOLD. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is
this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this
tomb

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE IV

Before the walls of Athens.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with
his powers.*

ALCIB. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and
breathed

Our sufferance vainly : now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries of itself *No more* : now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
 And pursy insolence shall break his wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

FIRST SEN. Noble and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
 We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
 Above their quantity.

SEC. SEN. So did we woo
 Transformed Timon to our city's love
 By humble message and by promised means :
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

FIRST SEN. These walls of ours
 Were not erected by their hands from whom
 You have received your griefs ; nor are they such
 That these great towers, trophies and schools
 should fall
 For private faults in them.

SEC. SEN. Nor are they living
 Who were the motives that you first went out ;
 Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread :
 By decimation, and a tithed death—
 If thy revenges hunger for that food

Which nature loathes—take thou the destined
tenth,

And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

FIRST SEN. All have not offended ;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

SEC. SEN. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

FIRST SEN. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope ;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

SEC. SEN. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

ALCIB. Then there 's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports :
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own

Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof
 Fall and no more : and, to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning, not a man
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 But shall be render'd to your public laws
 At heaviest answer.

BOTH. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

ALCIB. Descend, and keep your words.

[The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter Soldier.

SOLD. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea ;
 And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

ALCIB. *[Reads the epitaph] Here lies a wretched
 corse, of wretched soul bereft :*

*Seek not my name : a plague consume you wicked
 caitiffs left !*

*Here lie I, Timon ; who, alive, all living men did
 hate :*

*Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here
 thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits ;
 Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
 Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets
 which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war,
make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

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